

My First Case

By Margaret Estelle Anderson

The auto came to a dead halt with a soft dying echo of sound like the last expiring note of a musical instrument. I sprang from the seat and went over the machine. Then I removed a cushion, unscrewed the tank top, probed it with the measuring ruler.

"Less than three-quarters of an inch of gasoline," I soliloquized ruefully. "There's nothing but sediment to draw from, and that below the strain pipe. Bother!"

It was not a pleasant, hopeful, nor apparently mendable misadventure. I knew that the nearest town lay six miles behind me, the city twelve miles ahead. The road I was traversing had not shown an average of one farm-house to the mile, and that sparse neighborhood could scarcely support a garage. I was thinking hard what was best to do, when a pedestrian came up.

"Stalled?" he inquired. "What's the trouble?"

"Gas gone. You don't happen to know where I could get any?"

"U-m! Let me see," drawled my chance visitor musingly. "Why, yes. You see that grove of trees, sixty rods ahead? Well, it hides Lanyon's farm-house. They have a machine and can help you out."

I thanked the man, who went lumbering along on his way. Sure enough, as I got past the grove a farmhouse showed. It was dark and wrapped in gloom, and as I entered the gateway of its front yard I flared my pocket electric torch to guide me. I went up the steps, focussed the light rays to find no bell knob and knocked on the door. There was no response to my rapping. Even after I had repeated it half a dozen times.

"Nobody home," I muttered, disgustedly and disagreeably enough, and had a daring idea in my mind to visit the barn structure at the rear and burst my way in, if necessary, to explore for the possible gasoline surplus kept on hand, when I fancied I caught the echo of a voice inside the house.

I descended the steps and, flaring the light as much to attract attention as to guide my course, descended them and walked slowly around one side of the house. Near to a small porch I paused. Again a cry, a call from inside, reached my hearing. I got up on the porch, ran my light across a low French window, and fixed the rays upon a chair against the inside wall. In it was seated a girl, pale, eager faced, with parted lips and wild eyes in which there lurked a haunted expression. Those lips moved. "Push in the window!" she cried out.

I did so. "I have broken the catch," I said apologetically, as I stepped over the low sill.

"That does not matter," spoke the girl rapidly. "You are a stranger. What brought you here?"

"The need of gasoline," I told her. "Is there any about the place?"

"Yes. Are you bound for the city?"

"Yes."

"And your supply gave out? If you will help me, I will help you."

"Help you?" I repeated vaguely. "You mean—"

"I am a prisoner, and those who have chained me here may return at any moment, so, hasten, oh! please don't delay. Then I will show you where the gasoline lies, provided you take me to the city."

"Why, certainly," I replied, mystified and dubious. "Chained? Why, so you are?"

I was startled, I was thrilled. As I drew nearer to the girl I discovered that a chain encircled her waist. Through this ran another chain, and this was padlocked under the chair, holding the girl a helpless prisoner.

"The key to the padlock is on the mantel. Oh, hurry! hurry! hurry!" pleaded the girl breathlessly.

I could not analyze the situation coherently. Was she demented, and thus made helpless so she could not rove about and do mischief to life and property? Taking a risk, I released her. She seized a bunch of keys and told me to follow her, run to the barn, unlocked a door, and pointed to a tank with a funnel and zinc bucket beside it. I made two trips to the automobile, and had got the machine started when the girl, who had gone back to the house, came running up, dressed for the open air and carrying several parcels in her arms. These she threw into the rear seat and jumped in herself.

"You said you would take me to the city," she spoke in a strained, eager tone.

"I will keep my promise," I replied. "only—I don't understand."

"You shall, when I am sure we are well on our way."

I had left a bank note on top of the tank in the barn, so I was satisfied on all scores except the fear that I might be meddling in a dangerous business in giving this girl her freedom. I made a swift spin, to slow down only as the lights of the city began to appear in the distance. She leaned toward me.

"You doubtless think I am some demented creature," she spoke into my ear. "Wrong. I have been kidnapped and held a prisoner for a reason I do not comprehend."

collect her bundles. Then she gave me a grateful glance.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," she said, and somehow I longed to know more of her, as she vanished around a corner from my view.

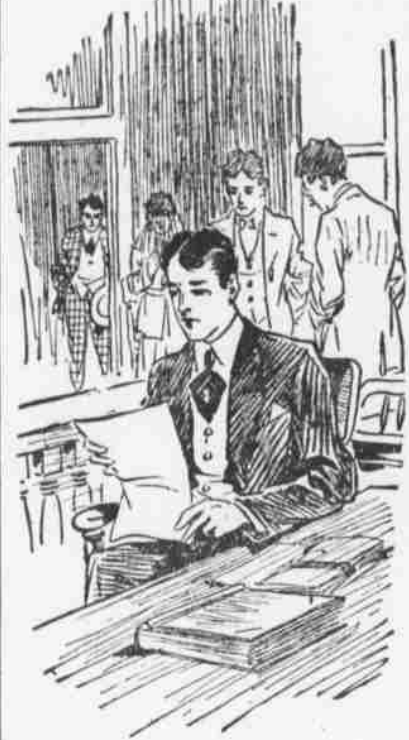
I longed to see her far more urgently than an hour later. Why, I shall have to explain. I was a young lawyer and I was due at the city the next day on my first test case. Of course I represented my firm, but if I met with success it would be a great start in a promising legal career.

Briefly, the case was this: Adam Moore, a lifelong client of the firm, had died, and the week following a disreputable mining promoter presented his note for thirty-five thousand dollars, due on demand, for a half interest in a patent of no value, hawked around the market unsuccessfully for some years. The promoter showed also a signed agreement proving the deal. This was duly attested by a stenographer and notary public, Miss Elma Deane.

There was no doubt but that Mr. Moore had held some correspondence with the promoter, but the daughter and legatee of Mr. Moore declared that upon the day note and agreement were dated, her father was automobiling two hundred miles distant and could not have been in the city on that day. Further, although the signature was well counterfeited, it was a forgery. One contention was that the promoter, hearing of the death of Mr. Moore, had hurriedly set up a plot from which he hoped to reap a rich harvest.

A singular circumstance was that we had not been able to locate this Miss Deane, who had given up her position by telephone the day after the agreement was acknowledged.

And now for the climax! I had set my satchel and a roll of documents comprising copies of all the papers



It Read: "Send Officers."

In the case in the rear seat of the automobile, and in the haste of getting away the girl I had befriended had accidentally carried the parcel away with her own bundles.

I did not sleep that night. I saw the futility of locating a girl in hiding. I tried to secure a continuance of the case in court the next morning, but it was refused. The court was fairly in session when a bailiff came into the rattling space, where I sat, gloomy and wretched, and handed me a note. It read: "Send officers to detain the man in a checked suit near the door, if he tries to leave. Menhine, see me."

I lifted my eyes. A woman wearing a heavy veil had arisen and moved her hand as if to indicate that she was my mysterious correspondent. I went to her side. Her first astonishing act was to hand me the missing package; her next to lift her veil. She was the companion of my midnight automobile drive.

"I am Elma Deane," she said simply. "I fortunately looked over those papers and was fully enlightened. The man in the checked suit yonder is one of the conspirators who signed the agreement which I certified."

Her evidence sent the promoter and the promoter to prison and saved my client thirty-five thousand dollars. We spared the relatives who had held her captive for a bribe.

We needed a stenographer at the office and I told Miss Deane so, and the firm, appreciating her splendid part in the case, made her an unusual salary offer.

And in four months I found I needed a wife, and who should I look to but Elma, who had helped me win my first case.

For Aching Feet.

For burning, swollen feet soak them every night in a solution of soda water. Put a handful or more of bicarbonate of soda in the foot tub with sufficient very hot water to cover the feet. Keep adding more hot water as needed. After this, rub well into the bunions and other sore joints lethyol ointment. Wrap feet in cloth, or put old stockings on to protect bed. Use some kind of foot ease in your shoes.

Limestone Continues In Favor.

Pulverized limestone continues to be in favor as a soil sweetener or fertilizer, according to the United States geological survey. Since the figures of production were first compiled in 1911 the industry has steadily increased, and the output for 1916 of 1,062,370 short tons, valued at \$1,146,582, represents a gain of 512 per cent in quantity and 490 per cent in value for the six years.

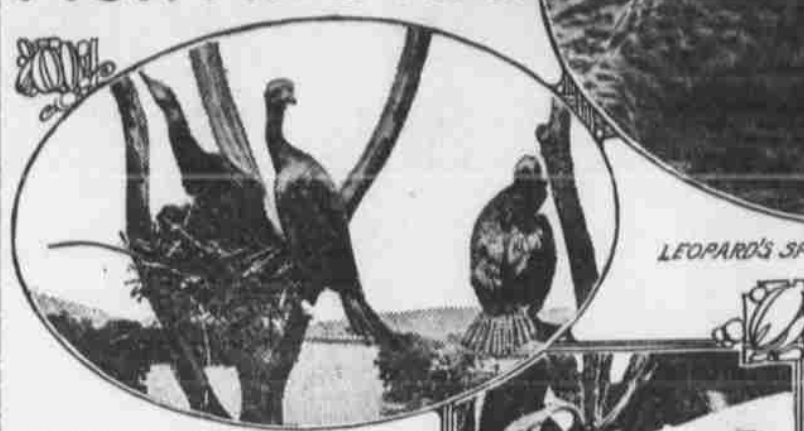
Gratitude Everywhere.

Livingstone, who spent most of his life in a hostile wilderness among villainous slave traders and cruel heathens, nevertheless said: "A kind word or deed is never lost." There is no excuse in civilized surroundings, notes an exchange, for the complainer who insists that everyone is ungrateful.

Oldest Fan in the World.

A museum in Cairo, Egypt, has the oldest fan in the world, this dating from the seventeenth century B. C.

APING NATURE TO PROTECT FIGHTING MAN



NEEDS AT DISTANCE, RESEMBLE STUDIES OF DEAD BOWHS

By ROBERT H. MOULTON.

CONCEALED beneath a deceptive exterior, simulating the vicinage, great destructive machines of modern warfare lie in wait for an opportunity to spring out upon the enemy, belching forth a breath far more terrible and deadly than that of the fabled dragons. The incantatory, peer, seeing nothing dangerous, approaches too near and is lost. "Camouflage" is the military term given this art of mechanical deception, and a host of new offices are drafted into the business of waging war. The landscape artist and the scene painter now employ their several abilities in rendering death-dealing devices, trenches and vantage points secure from hostile observation. The concentrated ingenuity of man is daily emulating nature in concealing the true being of deadly weapons.

"Camouflage," as though we had discovered a new method of warfare, and had thus again proven the superiority of man! Mammoth steel monsters, sheathed in impenetrable hides of steel, rush the foe over seemingly impassable barriers. These are the tanks which man has invented for the extermination of man. Indestructible moving garisons, which house a score of armed men, passing over hills, ditches and wire-entangling barricades.

That the enemy may not observe the approach of this deadly machine, scaled with plates of heavy steel, the artist has been urged into the service to conceal the glistening sides of the tank.

A pot of paint renders this ally almost invisible, as though we had found the invisible cap or coat of myth. The tanks are painted broken gray and white, and from a hundred yards or so are indistinguishable from the terrain.

Again the landscape artist employs his talents in No Man's Land, placing a thick cover or trench, or concealing a howitzer behind a new-formed knoll of green turf.

Long, gray files of armed men wave on wave, sweeping toward a low hill and a thick—suddenly the hill changes into a bristling fortification, mounted guns and howitzers belching death to thousands, and the thick becomes a large, armored tank, indestructible, moving down ranks of men like swaths of hay. A massive bowlder turns out to be a gigantic machine which crushes over all obstacles. Trenchments, painted and covered to simulate the surrounding topography, lure the prey into an unrelenting trap.

Thus war has become a great struggle of concealment and deception. Day after day the strife goes on, man pitting his ingenuity against man, in the most barbarous contest ever waged. We have found new ways to fight, camouflage—and the art is developed day by day. What animal craft could be more subtle, more deceiving than this?

But is camouflage a product of the mind of human? Have we truly discovered a new method of waging warfare and preying upon our foes?

Existence from time immemorial has been a constant process of preying, the stronger and more clever surviving the weak. All life is a continual struggle between the different forms and classes. Large and strong forms prey upon the lesser. Camouflage, or deception, adaptive coloring and shape, are the weapons scattered to every class of life, plant and animal. Such gifts are lavished upon dumb life by nature with three different objects in view: protection, attraction, and destruction. Innumerable examples of each class might be listed, but only a few are necessary to bring to attention the more or less obvious fact that our "camouflage" is sheer imitation of this proclivity of nature.

We have succeeded in penetrating the depths of the sea and the expanses of the air, in our contention for gain and progress, but these accomplishments are but of recent perfection. For thousands of years, for millions, the seas have been inhabited by finny

Australia is reported to be the chief source of the world's wool supply, though it is said that South America and Australia have about the same number of sheep, approximately 100,000,000.

The method of cultivation of silk, the rearing of the worm and the reeling and weaving have not materially changed in China for hundreds of years. Old Chinese prints show that the methods in vogue today are much the same as those employed 3,000 years in 1051.

HEAD AND BRAIN IT HOUSES

Thought Machine Should Be Kept Well Oiled and in Good Condition for Duty It Must Perform.

Every boy has a head topside his neck. This head was not put there by accident, nor as ornamental bric-a-brac, says The American Boy. Of course, the head, being equipped with a face, is useful as a means of identification, but if that was all it was good for what would be the use of



LEOPARD'S SPOTTED COVERING HIDES IT FROM PREY

monsters, and the air by winged creatures. The submarine and airplane are merely imitations, and the very colors and shapes of these forms have been found to be the most protective.

In the glistening snowy wastes of the North, life has taken upon itself through long ages of trial and error a white raiment imitative of the white stretches surrounding them. This is both protective and destructive in its use. Take, for example, the polar bear. Swimming through ice-broken seas, or clambering over snowy mountains, it is enabled by its color to approach within striking distances of its prey. Other animals of the far North or of snow-covered countries, like the white fox, the penguin, the ptarmigan and the white owl, are armed with the same adaptive covering.

In the tropics and jungle regions are found the most astonishing examples of imitation and mimicry. Here is a profuse specialization of color and pattern to harmonize and fuse with the usual environment, in order to render the bearer indistinguishable, or to simulate with fidelity some particular object. The spotted skin of the leopard, dull orange and black, is nature's way of protecting this animal from the eyes of the hunter, for the colorations are in harmony with the mottled lights and shades of the sun-flecked jungles. The tiger, giraffe, zebra and other African wild beasts, are covered with stripes representing the barred lights of safariland.

The camouflage of the butterfly is the most astonishing of any creature. Mottled wings, gay-colored markings, imitate the hues of flowers on which such dainty morsels, passes over, seeing only a vivid-hued mass of petals. Buried beetles, painted dragon flies, green katydids, lichen spiders and countless other forms of life which inhabit the plant sphere, might be cited.

Everyone is acquainted with the grass snakes, sand snakes and tree snakes, which hide easily in their respective environments. How like some

HONGKONG USING MOTORCARS

Automobile Boom Reported in the Colony and Many Cars Being Ordered From United States.

The use of motorcars in Hongkong is comparatively limited, but at present there may be said to be almost an automobile boom in the colony. The colonial government, recognizing the increased demand for automobiles, roads as a means of healthful recreation, and also as a means of opening up residential sections not now in use, has announced a comprehensive policy of road building and road improvement, which in fact already is under way, according to Commerce Reports. Several enterprises are on foot in the colony which demand increased and improved means of transportation to and from the outlying districts. The wealthier Chinese residents have taken to automobiling most enthusiastically, and are by far the best customers of the public garages. The use of automobiles by private owners also is generally on the increase.

Joppa, Jerusalem. Joppa, the port of Jerusalem, contains several mosques and churches, convents, and fine gardens. It exports chiefly oranges, corn, wine, and soap. It figured largely in the Crusades and in 1799 was captured by Napoleon. The population is estimated at nearly 40,000.

A new electrically lighted egg candler prints names, dates or other inscriptions on eggs with a rubber stamp as they are inserted into it.

The high price of gasoline is said to be creating a new demand for electric vehicles for both pleasure and commercial purposes in the United Kingdom.

On April 12, 1889, the first vedalia were allowed to escape from a tent in an orchard in southern California. In two years this lady bird had cleared the trees of the devastating terya or cushiony cotton scale.

and the sort of product a lot of folks' brains turn out. One brain that can think is worth a hundred arms strong enough to lift a heifer. That's why a general is more valuable than a great many thousands of soldiers, each one of whom could probably lick him beautifully in a fist fight. It's because he can think.

A fracture-setting apparatus has been designed which weighs only 35 pounds and may be packed in a small compass for easy transportation.

deadly snake is the long, smooth-barreled gun, lying in wait behind a prepared mound of surf for the enemy to appear.

Concealing of trenches is but an imitation of the instinctive protection prepared over the burrows and holes of wild animals.

When fighting in a desert land or an arid country, the trenches are hidden with sand emplacements—if the vicinity is wooded or brush covered, hurdles of woven withes, fascines, shrubbery, and hedges are employed to hide the actions of the opposing forces. The uniforms which our soldiers have adopted are those which most readily fuse into the topography.

A comparison of the natural instinctive concealment practiced by the hunter and hunted animal, with the camouflage of our soldiery, will render more clearly the imitation practiced by man.

In the jungle a huge python lies hidden from its prey, waiting. It resembles some twisted, fallen branch, and is unnoticed by the small-furred creatures which pass near. Suddenly the python strikes, the captured creature is crushed and disappears into the gorge of the hunter. Another instance is the tree toad, which clings like some green bough of a tree, and seems to be a knot or lump in the wood. Through the entire day it will hang there, while flies and butterflies hover near without fear, only to be snapped up by a long, forked tongue, the prey of the wily hunter.

One of the adaptable and known forms is the chameleon or salamander, which changes its hue to fit the color of the object on which it rests.

Fish of the stream and lakes are dappled or striped with coloration which fuses into the bed or rush-covered depths of the water, whereas the fish of deep seas are frequently dark in color to render them indistinguishable from their enemies.

Man has constructed the submarine to course the ocean depths, imitating in shape and dark hue the sea monsters. He has produced a winged machine, along the lines of a bird or butterfly, and has painted it white that he may speed among the clouds unseen. Recently, however, a new mode of mimicry has been used by the warring nations. Just as many of the bright-plumaged birds and gay butterflies, squadrons of our war airplanes are being lavishly coated with kaleidoscopic colors to attract the enemy into a danger zone, where a superiority of numbers lie.

The old way of fighting battles and of laying siege with all due formality, is past. The weapons utilized in the present day force the contending nations to invent every manner of shelter and protection. No longer do armies meet armies on the open plain, necessitating usually a stronger force to win the battle. Science in every phase has stepped into the ranks and forced the warriors to become electricians, sappers, chemists. Invention today is the mainstay of fighting progress, and yet, what is our invention but a means of overcoming as nature has taught her children for aeons?

During the past few months the number of cars in use has grown rapidly; there are more garages, and a good volume of orders has been placed. There are now licensed in the colony 125 motorcars and 118 motorcycles, compared with 105 cars and 91 motorcycles in December, 1916. A canvass of the dealers and garages indicates that between 25 and 30 new cars have been ordered, all from the United States. Most of them are popular-priced machines, but there is an increasing demand for the higher-grade ones. An order for 11 placed by one garage included five of high grade. In spite of excessive freight rates, the demand promises to continue for some time, although the market may easily be overstocked.

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HOW CAMEL WAS PERSUADED

Beast, Resented Carrying Bushman's Teakettle, and Was Led to Believe Rider Did the Work.

In 1896 camels from India were first brought to Australia for general service, says Norman Duncan in his book, "Australian Byways." It was a happy experiment. A herd of more than 600 arrived with their Afghan masters in 1884. It is estimated that there are now 10,000 camels at labor in the dry, back regions of the commonwealth. An Australian loves a horse and respects the sturdy worth of a bullock; he regards a camel, however, with tolerance rather than approbation, and will not employ so outlandish and perverse a beast except to the great advantage of his needs.

"We used to think," said Jerry, the camel driver employed by the author, "that we couldn't get along without the 'Ghans.'"

"Surely they know how to take care of camels?" I asked.

"No fear!" Jerry scoffed. "They had a lot of superstitions—like curing a camel with a necklace of blue beads—and that's about all. The government breeds better camels now. That's only natural; we're white. I don't mean to say, though, that we've bred the devil out of our camels. Sometimes I lose patience with the brutes."

"A couple of years ago I was traveling to the north of this with a train of four pack camels. One morning when I was packing I found that I had forgotten to stow away a billy can (bushman's teakettle). When I picked that little billy can up and made for the nearest camel, meaning to hang it on his pack, he began to double and groan, as if it wasn't his billy can, and he wasn't going to carry more than his share, and what did I mean anyhow by proposing to overload a poor camel that way? So to make things easy I switched off to the next camel. And he began to groan. They all groaned. Not one of them would have that little billy can on his back."

"Well, I was disgusted. Instead of lunging it on a pack I mounted my riding camel, with the billy can in my hands. He was horrified. Goodness, how he bawled! When he got up he was bawling still. Wouldn't move a step! And then I leaped forward and shook that billy can in his face. And that satisfied him. Off he went without a murmur. Why? I reckon he thought I was carrying that billy can."

Ship of Mystery.

The manufacture of a large part of machinery to replace anything broken is almost impossible in the limited space of the battleship's machine shops. But wondrous feats are performed in the repair ships that accompany fleets on stations remote from dock facilities, states a British war correspondent.

The repair ship is a huge floating smithy and machine shop packed with everything that the wit of man can concentrate into the space for treating wounded battleships. These ships employ some of the best artificers from our naval dock yards, and are stationed in every quarter in which the British fleet is stationed remote from dock facilities. The Boche has nothing like them, and it has been stated that no inquisitive Boche has ever been allowed to intrude his nose aboard one to investigate its mysteries and take the information to his employers of how the strange feats performed by the repair ship are effected. The repair ship is the abode of secrets.

Stopping the Ex-Czar's Express.

The ex-czar's belief in the unspeakable Rasputin proves that she was of a strongly superstitious turn of mind, and she is generally regarded as the true maker of the revolution in Russia, but an incident which occurred whilst the ex-czar was traveling from Petrograd to Moscow proves that the superstition is not all on her side.

It appears, says a writer, that the ex-czar wears a ring in which he believes is embedded a fragment of the true cross. It was originally one of the treasures of the Vatican and was presented to one of the czar's predecessors for diplomatic reasons. The value he places on this superstitious relic was proved when he accidentally left it behind him when traveling to Moscow. He had the train stopped instantly, a special express chartered, and a trusty messenger sent post-haste back to fetch the missing ring, nor would he allow the train to budge an inch till his messenger returned, hours afterward, with the relic!

Horse Breeding in Brazil.

Any project which has for its purpose the betterment of animal breeding in Brazil, since the country has come to realize its full possibilities in ranching and similar operations, writes Consul General Alfred L. M. Bottschalk, Rio de Janeiro. The development has been going on slowly and almost imperceptibly for several years. Some ranch owners at their own expense have imported various types of cattle and experimented individually with crossbreeding. Work in this direction also has been done by the National Society of Agriculture in Rio de Janeiro, seconded by state cattle associations and ranchmen's leagues.

Recently a commission appointed by the president of Brazil for the study and conservation of the national resources has been at work on a census of live stock, taken from the reports of municipalities.

Irish Crop Report.

According to the agricultural statistics of Ireland the total acreage under crops in 1916 was 4,806,575. The acreage under crops the past year was 5,570,453, showing an increase of 763,878 acres, or 16 per cent. The total area under potatoes in 1917 was 709,263 acres, as compared with 588,308 acres in 1916, an increase of 122,955, or 21 per cent; under hay, 2,532,723 acres, as compared with 2,406,247 acres in 1916, an increase of 126,476 acres, or 5.3 per cent.

Win Truth by Strength.

We think that we shall win truth by striving after strength, instead of knowing that we shall gain strength just in the degree that we become true.—Phillips Brooks.

Back Lame and Achy?

There's little peace when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

An Indiana Case

J. R. McCarty, plasterer, 92 Indiana Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I was in bad shape with kidney complaint and backache, caused by hard work. I could hardly straighten after stooping and mornings I could do to get up. I had awful pains in my head, with dizzy spells. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me quick relief and five boxes made me well and strong."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

JUST COUNT'S IDEA OF JOKE

Ghostly Trick Played on Maud Allen During Performance of "Salome" in Budapest.

There are, of course, jokes and jokes, especially practical ones, as Miss Maud Allen, the dancer, found to her cost when giving a special performance of "Salome" at Budapest some time before the war.

As she approached the delicious climax of the dance, where Salome kisses the severed head of John the Baptist, she suddenly realized that she was holding the actual head of a dead man.

She managed to go through the few remaining movements until the fall of the curtain. Then she collapsed. Inquiries elicited that a certain Count Zichy, a great Hungarian nobleman, had substituted the head of a recently executed criminal for the papier-mache head usually used in the dance.

"It was," says Miss Allen dryly in telling the story, "the count's idea of a practical joke."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries, 50 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Fashioned Slenderly.

"Seems to be a craze for slenderness."

"Yep, even the watches have got to be thin."

Cheer Up. Some men are so unlucky that if they were cast up on a cannibal isle it would happen on a meatless day.

Constipation, indigestion, sick-headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea. Drink on retiring. Adv.

Of course there are some things that you can't understand—but then there are others.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if PAXO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. First application gives relief. See.